THE

AMOURS

OF

Clitophon and *Leucippe.*

ILLUSTRATED,

In Six NOVELS.

VIZ.

I. The FORCE of LOVE deſcribed.
II. The Diſappointed BRIDE.
III. The Diſtreſſed LOVERS.
IV. VIRTUE its own REWARD.
V. The Laſcivious WIDOW.
VI. The HAPPY CONSUMMATION.

Written in GREEK,

By ACHILLES TATIUS.

Now firſt rendred into ENGLISH.

——Veterum repetamus Amores.

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THE

AMOURS

OF

Clitophon and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. I.

ARGUMENT.

Clitophon *Discovers his Parentage*, Leucippe *and her Mother* Panthia *are sent by* Sostratus *to* Hippias *the Father of* Clitophon *in* Byzantium. Clitophon *falls in Love with* Leucippe,

and is inſtructed by Clinias *in the Myſteries of Courtſhip.*

HE Violence of the Tempeſt drove me upon the Coaſts of *Sidon*, where I performed Sacrifices in the Temple of *Venus*; a Ceremony incumbent upon all who have returned ſafe from the Dangers of the Sea. I was extremely Delighted with a Survey of the Magnificence of the Temple, and its Ornaments; a Part whereof was a Collection of Original Paintings, performed by the beſt Maſters in the Univerſe: I beheld there the Story of the fair *Europa*, and the Transformed * Deity, preſented in their Voyage through the Sea: But what had the moſt ſenſible effect upon my Fancy, was a little *Cupid* leading the Bull, and

* *Jupiter* turned himſelf into a Bull for the Love of *Europa*.

look-

looking back upon it with an Air, which ſhewed the great Pleaſure he took in holding the Supreme of Deities perplexed in his Snares. I was ſo Raviſhed with this delightful Object, that I could not reſtrain the following Exclamation. Is the Command of Heaven as well as Earth veſted in the Power of Love; if ſo, I ſhall reſign my ſelf to his Superior ſway, ſince *Jove* himſelf knows not how to reſiſt it. Ah! Sir, ſaid a Gentleman, who ſtood near me, a ſad Experience convinces me of the Truth you have delivered; I have ſuffered more than a Martyr from his deſtructive Power. Pray Sir, I Replied, in what Nature were the Diſtreſſes you ſpeak of, your looks indeed declare you a Votary to that Deity. You recal to me (ſaid he) the Memory of the Confuſed Series of Adventures which when I relate, will ſeem to be Fables rather than what have really

happened. This Place I anſwered, is very Improper, for ſo long an Entertainment, there's a very delightful Grove of Plane Trees upon the Back-ſide of the Temple, if you pleaſe we'll retire, and there I'll trouble you with the Repetition of your Story: Upon this we performed obeiſance to the Shrine, and ſat down under the ſhade of the Grove.

The Place which gave me Birth, he began, is *Phœnicia*, my Father's Name is *Hippias*, my own is *Clitophon*, and my Uncle's (becauſe you'll hear it often mentioned) is *Soſtratus*. My Mother was ſnatch'd from me by Death before I knew her, ſo that my Father Married a Second Wife, by whom he had a Daughter named *Caligo*, whom he deſigned for my Embraces. When I was Nineteen Years of Age, my Father began to think of Confirming our Love and his own Purpoſes by our Mar-

Marriage. 'Twas then that Fortune diſcovered the Mazes ſhe reſerved for me to unravel by a Dream. Methought I was poſſeſt in the Embraces of a moſt Lovely Virgin, and had a compleat Fruition of all her Charms. In this Extaſie of Bliſs, there appeared to me a Woman of a frightful Figure, her Complexion was Dark and Severe, her Hair was knots of Snakes; in her Left Hand was a Torch, in the Right a Sickle, with which at one ſtroke ſhe diſſolved the moſt Fortunate Union that was enjoyed in Imagination. I Inſtantly awaked full of Anger, that my Deſires were intercepted, and fear of the Events which I foreſaw would attend this amaſing Preſage. While I was taken up with theſe Paſſions, my Servant drew the Curtain, and told me that my Aunt and her Daughter *Leucippe* were Arrived from *Byzantium*. When I came into the With-

drawing Room to pay my Devoirs to the Ladies : The Beauty of *Leucippe* Diſplaced my Reaſon, which reſigned its heat to the Aſſaults of her Charms. I ſtood as one ſtruct with Confuſion, unable to reſtore my ſelf to the Condition of Acting one Thing with Decency : And had certainly been obſerved by the Company, could they have looked upon any thing but *Leucippe*. We were then called to Dinner ; the Ladies took their Seat at the upper end, and the Gentlemen below, and 'twas my good Fortune to ſit where I could have the cleareſt view of *Leucippe* in all her Splendor. For ſhe had taken care to dreſs her ſelf that Day, it being the Firſt of her Arrival to the greateſt Advantage : And if the Divine *Fair*, did deſign a Conqueſt, ſhe was ſure of her Slave *Clitophon*, who all the time of the Entertainment gazed at her Beauty with Pleaſure and Admiration.

tion. When Dinner ended, my Father called in ſome Muſick, which ſung how *Apollo* Lamented the Loſs of his *Daphne*, by her being changed into Laurel, which the Poet ever after wore for his Garland. This enhanced my Torment, for the Story of an Amour enrages the Paſſion of Love, and the Protection of a great Example to it Encourages the Deſires of Enjoyment. I could not but Expoſtulate with my ſelf, was *Apollo* a God in Love, did he not reſign the Deity, to admire the Charms of his *Daphne*, and ſhall Modeſty prevail with me, to quit my Devotion to the Divine *Leucippe?* Such was the Entertainment of my Waking and Sleeping, Thoughts, till the next Morning, when my Servant very unfortunately diſturbed them, by telling me that it was time to ariſe.

A Relation of mine called *Clinias*, had formerly experienced the Anxieties of Love: I uſed to Ridicule the folly of that Paſſion, and exclaim againſt his Imprudence, in being engaged in it. Well, *Clitophon*, he'd reply, a time will ſurely come, when you'll be convinced that I deſerved your Pity, rather than Scorn: Not many Days paſſed before he came to our Houſe. Ah! *Clinias* (ſaid I) I am now ſufficiently Puniſhed with the Misfortune I laught at you for ſubmitting to; at this, he clap'd his Hands, and expreſſed the moſt evident Demonſtrations of Joy, and ſaid, this Information was unneceſſary, for I beheld it in your Countenance; we were for the preſent, diverted from this Diſcourſe, by *Caricles*'s coming in; He was a near Friend to *Clinias*, and had not long before received a Gallant Horſe from him, as a Preſent: As ſoon as he came in,

in, he ſaid, my Deareſt *Clinias*, I can't be eaſie till I have diſcloſed to you a ſecret which has been long-continued in my Heart: *Clinias* fearing ſome Misfortune had befallen him; was impatient to hear it, and told him that no endeavours ſhould be wanting to reſcue him from any Danger. My Father he anſwered, has deſigned a Lady to my Embraces, ſo extremely diſagreeable, that I proteſt I can't bear the Thoughts of her; is a Beautiful Woman an Intollerable Evil? A Coarſe one muſt be a Torment. O Curſe upon all Wealth! It ſubdues the Charms of Love, and Engages the Cruel *Avaro*, more than all Glories of the Divine *Amaſia! Clinias*, when he heard this, diſcovered the greateſt Tenderneſs for the hard Fortune of his *Caricles*, and endeavoured to diſpoſſeſs him of the deſires he had Entertained for every thing Amiable in the Female Sex.

They were ſent from Heaven for a Revenge upon *Prometheus*'s Theft; who entailed a Curſe upon Mankind for his Audaciouſneſs. They are *Syrens* to delude in Expectation, and Fiends to Torment in Enjoyment. The Enamoured Youth is a Captive to their Luſt, and a Slave to the Gratification of their Inconſiſtent Humours. Read the Story of Antiquity, you'll find their Treachery to the Brighteſt Heroes; what did not *Agamemnon* ſuffer for his *Clytemneſtra*? *Paris* for the Adulterous *Helen*? Theſe are Examples ſhould affright my *Caricles* from the purſuit of his Ruine; and evince to all Mankind the Inconſtancy of the Sex.

I could not hear the whole Sex expoſed for the Imperfections of one Branch of it, for the Thoughts of the Cœleſtial *Leucippe* forbad me to entertain the leaſt Cenſure upon any of them. 'Twould be (I ſaid) an

an Affront unpardonable to hear theſe Indignities offered to any thing which bore Relation to *Leucippe*, did not the eſteem I have for *Clinias* overcome the Suggeſtions of my Paſſion, ſhall the Glory of her Sex be Arraigned in the Calumnies aſperſed upon the Inferiour Multitude, ſhall ſhe be tainted with the Faults which can't belong to ſo Illuſtrious Charms. I came to you to receive inſtructions how to pleaſe the Divine *Fair*, and ſhall I hear her repreſented in the Deformity of a Fiend? *Clinias* replied, I am not at all perplexed for an Excuſe, for you gave me one your ſelf. But I confeſs the concern I have for the Diſtreſs of my Dear *Caricles*, produced in me ſome Sentiments a little too unguarded. No! if *Leucippe* be the Miſtreſs of your Paſſion, ſhe deſerves more Praiſe than the whole Sex beſide does Infamy from Mankind. But I ſee no Reaſon you

have

have to accuſe your Fate of Cruelty, ſince never had a Lover more fair Opportunities of Acceſs to a more Lovely object of his deſire. How many would bleſs their Deſtiny for the ſight of the Miſtriſs of their Hearts? You enjoy it every Day. How many to hear her ſpeak? When every time you ſee her, you hear ſomething inexpreſſibly raviſhing from the Divine *Leucippe*, and the happineſs of all this is, that you are ever under Aſpect of the Illuſtrious Conſtellation. Oh! But I Replied, ſhe does not know that I Love her, that her influence is more Aſcendant upon me, than any other ſhe Converſes with. The happineſs you ſpeak of, every one in the Family enjoys; what Pleaſure then can I perceive in a Fruition which diffuſes it ſelf upon all who know her? Oh! Could I perceive ſome uncommon Inſtance of her Favour, one tender Glance directed to *Cli-*

Clitophon, would reſcue him from the moſt dejected Miſery.

Clinias Replied, you make your ſelf very unacquainted in the Miſteries of Love; ſhould the Virgin firſt begin the Addreſs, ſhe'd reſign her Conqueſt, and put her ſelf under the Dominion of her Slave, You are firſt to diſcover your Paſſion, and than the leaſt Favour is an Encouragement to your Purſuit. The Lady who never had an Humble Servant, fears neglect from all ſhe does not know, that ſhe deſerves Admiration, unleſs ſhe's firſt Admired. You muſt therefore let her know that you Love her, and then ſhe'll give you ſome hopes of a Return of her Paſſion. Ah! *Clinias*, I Replied, my Merits ſeem too low to adviſe ſuch an Hope, and the fear of Offending, withdraws the deſire I have ſhe ſhould know my Paſſion: However, ſince you are experienced in the Affair of Love,

I could discard my Modesty for once, if you'd inform me how I should begin the Assault.

Clinias answered, you must seek all opportunities of being alone with her, and then observe that your Discourse have nothing in it Obscure or Immodest. The Nature of Woman is Light, and prone to the Enjoyments of Love; it abhors the Mention of what they most vehemently desire, and the Breach of Modesty is to them more Criminal in Word than in Act. The Ladies of Pleasure will disclose their Desire, but the Virgin Blushes when she hears of it. If she loves the Thought, yet her Modesty recoils at the intimation of it. If you said any thing which she resents, you must submit to her Reproof, and Mollifie it by the Endearments of a Kiss; if she resist, her resistance must invigorate your Attack, and if that does not prevail,

prevail, Diſſimulation is the *Way to win her.*

This Advice gave me a great Encouragement to the Conqueſt of my Miſtreſs. Nothing, I thought, could oppoſe it, but Obedience to to the Commands of my Father; *Leucippe*'s Charms pleaded on the one ſide, and the Duty of a Son made *Caligo* appear more Lovely; than ever. Neceſſity of Fate ſtrove againſt the Obligations of Nature. To be happy, I thought, with either, was impoſſible; if I enjoyed *Leucippe*, I loſt the Affection of a tender Father, and the Embraces of *Caligo* would diveſt me of a Capacity of Receiving the leaſt Favour from the moſt Exquiſite Beauty in the Univerſe. The fear of the later of theſe Diſtreſſes overcame, ſo I thanked *Clinias* for his Inſtructions, and reſolved to viſit the Divine *Leucippe.*

I had not enquired long before I heard ſhe was alone, taking the Diverſion of my Father's Garden? There was a Grove exquiſitely contrived for the Coolneſs of Shade, and the delight of the Odours which it ſcattered into every part of the Garden. The Branches of the Trees united themſelves, that their Leaves might defend the Walks from the Sun, tho' every Gale of Wind lifted them up to admit the Warmth of its Beams. This Temperature of the Air, recommended it to the frequency of all who had a Mind to retire from the heat of the day, into *Sylvan* receſſes. In the midſt of it was a Fountain Encircled with the Greateſt Variety of Flowers that the Bountiful Earth could ſupply. I was admiring theſe Beautiful Productions of Nature, when I ſpied *Leucippe* coming toward the Fountain, and rejoyced that I might now have ſome Opportunity

tunity of Diſcourſe with my Contemplation upon the Flowers, was immediately changed to the Survey of them in the Face of *Leucippe*, which repreſented them in a brighter Luſtre than their Natural Sphere. The Colour of the Violet, the Roſe and Lilly were ſo well diſpoſed in her Complexion, that it ſeemed to be no other than a Compoſition of them.

I was now more Raviſhed with her Charms than ever; walked to her, deſired I might have the Honour to lead her to a Seat under the Shade of ſome Palm-Trees, to which ſhe very Modeſtly Condeſcended, I took her by the Hand; but Heavens, with what Extaſie did the gentle touch Transfix me!

When we came to the Seat, I deſired my Servant *Satyrus*, who attended, to divert us with a Story.

Satyrus immediately knew what ſort of Relation would pleaſe me beſt, and Addreſſed himſelf to us, in the following Manner,

The Obſervation of the Trees, which refreſh you with their Shade, Encourages me to hope that an Account of the amazing Paſſion, between theſe Senſeleſs Animals would not be unpleaſant to you, ſince it ſeems to Evince the Wonderful Power of Love.

It extends not only to Brutes, but things Inanimate; the Load-Stone loves the Iron, and by a Touch of it Attracts with an Amorous Heat. I ſhould not venture upon the Credit of Philoſophers to juſtifie what I am doing, but the Experience of Husbandmen contribute an undeniable Demonſtration to the Truth of it. The Palm-trees are diſcriminated by Sexes, and the Affection of the Male to the Female, is evidently ſtrong; becauſe if ſhe be

be planted at a diſtance from him, he withers and decays. To relieve his Diſtemper, the skilful Artiſt goes upon an Aſcent, and obſerves which way the Male inclines, when he has found out the Diſeaſe, he adminiſters a Cure, by ſliving ſome Branches from the Female, and inſerting them into the Body of the Male: He no ſooner receives the Preſcript, but flouriſhes and revives in the Embraces of his Conſort. The Waters too teſtify their Attendance to this Paſſion, witneſs the Stream of *Alpheus*, which conveys it ſelf through the Sea, with no Alteration, till he comes to the Enjoyment of his loved *Arethuſa*.

I obſerved *Leucippe* extremely pleaſed at theſe Relations, and at every tender word, I gently preſſed her Hand, and perceived ſuch delightful Emotions in her, as aſſured me ſhe took no Offence at what I did. I was going to order *Satyrus*

rus to go on, when a Servant came to tell her that her Muſick-Maſter waited her Return. I gave *Satyrus* a Gratification for the Good Succeſs of his Entertainment, and waited on the tender *Leucippe*, to the Room where ſhe Sung to the Muſick.

THE

THE AMOURS OF *Clitophon* and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. II.

ARGUMENT.

Leucippe *Sings to her Lute; Her Voice inflames the Paſſion of* Clitophon *more than ever. He continues his Courtſhip with Succeſs. His Marriage with* Caligo *is preven-*

prevented by her being Stolen a way by Calisthenes. *His Servan* Satyrus *contrives Means for hi Admittance to the Embraces o* Leucippe, *but his Designs ar Defeated by the Intrusion of* Leu cippe's *Mother* Panthia *into he Apartment.* Clitophon *fearin lest any disgrace should aris from this Discovery of the In trigues with* Leucippe, Clini as *and* Satyrus *take Shippin for* Alexandria.

WHEN we Arrived t the Apartment, th Musician desired he to Sing the Comba of the *Lyon* and th *Boar* to the Lute when she had Performed that, they Sang the Song of the Rose.

Should

Should Kings o'er Flowers appointed be
The Roſe ſhould have the Sovereignty.
That Maiden Bluſh of Modeſt Earth
Appearing e'er ſhe has brought forth
Her Summers Fruit, That Flower ſo Fair
Perfuming, where it grows, the Air
With ſweeteſt ſcent our Senſe doth Touch,
We ne'er can Praiſe that Flower too much.

The ſoftneſs of her Voice exacted the thanks of all the Company, and none was more forward in expreſſing the Satisfaction he received than the Amorous *Clitophon*. Theſe and other Diverſions engaged us till Supper; when the Glances and Ogles

Ogles we received each from the o
ther, vanquiſhed the Diligent Sollicita
tions of our Appetites. They continu
ed to be the Food of our Enflame
Souls, for ten Days, till I applie
my ſelf to *Satyrus*, to furniſh m
with ſome Stratagem which migh
poſſeſs me of the Embraces of th
Miſtreſs of my Heart. He replied
an immodeſt Attempt would fo
ever diſſable you to purchaſe you
deſire; you muſt firſt make he
ſenſible of your Pain, before ſhe'l
perfect the Cure. When you hav
done this, you may depend upo
the Fidelity and Care of *Satyrus*
and to Encourage you, I believ
I can intereſt her Servant in an In
trigue which may perhaps put a
end to your Expectation: I was ex
tremely revived with this Encou
ragement, and reſolved to compoſ
my Looks, and recal my Courag
to the Aſſault; I ſtrove to convinc
my ſelf of the Danger of being Ti
morou

morous by the following Expoſtulation: Can I expect that ſhe ſhould Addreſs me, or can I look that ſhe declare her Paſſion firſt. No! I had ſcarce ſpoken, when I met the Sole Object of my Deſires. The ſight of her daunted my Reſolution and overſpread my Face with Paleneſs. I ſtood trembling for ſome time, at laſt ſtaggered out: *Madam, I am your humble Servant. Are you my Servant ſhe ſaid, then I have one more than I thought*? I am as much devoted to your Service as the Renowned *Hercules* was to *Omphale*. We were both of us at a Loſs for ſomething to continue our Diſcourſe, when an Accident of the Day before came very Fortunately into my Mind. Her Servant *Clio*, as ſhe ſat by her, playing on her Lute, was Stung by a Bee upon the Hand. *Leucippe* as ſoon as ſhe perceived it, laid aſide her Lute, and held the Diſeaſed Part to her Lips, and mut-

tered over ſome Enchantment, which immediately gave her Eaſe. So juſt as our Diſcourſe ended, a Waſp flew about me, I inſtantly clapt my hand to my Lips, and *Leucippe* as haſtily removed it, asking me what part was hurt, I told her my Lip, and deſired her Aſſiſtance, ſhe then put her Lips to mine, and in the ſpace of the Faſcination, I raviſhed an hundred Kiſſes, as her Lips in her ſpeaking cloſed to mine. This Animated my Confidence ſo, that I was a little more preſſing, and had juſt graſped the Prize in my Arms, when ſhe ſtarted back and told me, ſhe hoped I meant nothing Diſhonourable. Not in the leaſt, My Angel, I replied; ſo I renewed my Aſſault upon her Lips, and enjoyed the Pleaſures of *Elyſium*, till we ſpied her Woman coming toward us, and parted with Sorrow on both ſides through different Doors.

'Twas

'Twas not long after, e're we were called in to Supper. *Satyrus* had now a great insight into our Designs, and contrived a very nice way for us to convey our Affections from one side of the Table to the other. When I called for any Liquor, he'd observe from what side of the Glass I drank, and then he'd fill in the same Glass to *Leucippe*, turning that part of it towards her which was still warm with my Lips. This small Satisfaction diverted us very much, and I thought it an Ingenious invention of Kissing at a Distance? *Satyrus* had engaged her Woman *Clio* in my Cause, and had disposed every thing so, that we might have a private interview that Night, *Panthia* the Mother of *Leucippe* was in Bed, the Servants busie in the Affairs of the House, and her Woman *Clio* stept aside on purpose: In short all was clear, and *Leucippe* alone in her Chamber, I knocked gently at

the Door, and ſhe perceiving who was there, opened it very eaſily, when I came in I ſaluted her, and deſired her to ſit down upon the Couch. When the Pleaſant Toyings and Fondneſſes of Love had paſſed between us, and ſhe ſeemed prepared to admit Addreſſes of a Superior Nature; I was obliged to retire without taking that leave of her I deſigned by the noiſe of ſome one upon the Stairs. I was extremely vexed that I loſt the opportunity and deſpaired of ever having ſuch an other in my Hands, I met *Satyrus* as I went, who laught and told me 'twas he who diſturbed us, by giving notice that ſome of the Family were coming up.

My Father had all this while been perplexed with ſtrange and amazing Dreams, which haſtned his preparing for the Celebration of my Marriage with *Caligo*, accordingly, ſhe was Adorned with all the Splendor

the

the occaſion required. Her Braceleſt ſparkled with Diamonds, and her Purple Veſt was Embroidered with the fineſt Gold. In ſhort, nothing was wanting to Illuſtrate her Charms, or which could make her appear a Conſort, worthy the Greateſt Monarch in the Univerſe.

The Sacrifices were performing with Great Splendor, whilſt I was in the greateſt Anxiety to think of ſome Stratagem to defer the Approaching Ceremony. While I was taken up with theſe Thouglits, I heard a prodigious ſhout, and ran to know the occaſion of it, and found that when the Victim was Slain an Eagle ſnatched it from the Altar in ſpight of all Oppoſition made by the Aſſiſtance.

This my Father looked upon as an ill Omen, which occaſioned him to deſiſt from the Ceremony. He then conſulted the Augurs who Pronounced that he muſt Sacrifice to

Jupiter Hospitalis the Patron of the Bird which disturbed his Devotion. But all was of no Effect, since the Eagle appeared no more. This Accident produced a great Satisfaction in me; I could restrain my Acknowledgements to the Prince of Fowls. The Event of the Omen was this: *Calisthanes* a Dissolute Young Gentleman of *Byzantium* had heard much of the Charms of her Beauty before she left that Place. He applied himself to *Sostratus* her Father for his Consent to Marry her, but was refused. This denial he resented very much, and vowed a Revenge in his Mind: There was at that time a heavy War between *Thrace* and *Byzantium*; wherein the latter were extreamly reduced. In this Distress they consult the Oracle who reported that they must send a select Number of Youth with all necessary Preparations to Sacrifice to *Hercules*

cules of *Tyre*. *Caliſthenes* was one of the Number, and to Accompliſh his Deſigns, he obtains leave of the Commander of the Enterprize to Sail to *Tyre* in a Frigot of his own, which he furniſhed with ſuch as he knew would make no Conſcience of Villany. When he arrived at *Tyre*, he informed himſelf that the Sacrifice for my Eſpouſals was to be performed on the Morrow. Accordingly he Dreſſes the Crew of his Ship in Women's Cloaths, who paſſed for ſuch without the leaſt Suſpicion: He ordered each of them to provide themſelves with Weapons to defend the Attempt. In this Diſpoſition his Company came to attend the Sacrifice, and when they ſaw an Opportunity, they laid Hands on *Caligo*, boarded her upon the Frigot, and immediately ſtruck Sail for *Byzantium*. The Occaſion of this miſtake between *Caligo* and *Leucippe* was that *Leucippe* would

not come abroad on the Day wherein ſhe was to loſe for ever her Deareſt *Clitophon*, and *Caligo*, being the greateſt Figure among the Ladies eaſily paſt before the Strangers for *Leucippe*.

Thus were my Deſigns of Intercepting my Marriage with *Caligo* very fortunately Accompliſhed. This added freſh Courage to my Addreſſes to *Leucippe*, and when ever I had the happineſs of her Company alone, I preſſed her with ſomething ſoft and tender, and was at laſt Emboldened to ſpeak to her in the following Manner. How long my Angel ſhall we ſubſiſt upon the unripe Fruits of Love? How long ſhall we be Scholars before we are admitted to enjoy the Myſterious Bliſs? Every Glance from my Deareſt *Leucippe* enrages my Paſſion, and every touch of her tender Lips cauſes Emotions in me, which tell me they muſt be ſatisfy'd.

We

We have now no Reaſon to diſtruſt our Mutual Affection, let's then drown it in Enjoyment. She could make no Anſwer but Sigh'd, and I apprehended ſome uneaſineſs in her, which informed me I had vanquiſhed every thing which oppoſed an Acceſs to my Happineſs.

All that I now wanted was an opportunity of Privacy, and to obtain one I knew would require the Greateſt Caution. For *Panthia* *Leucippe*'s Mother's Apartment was next to hers, nothing but a pair of Glaſs Doors Divided them, the Careful *Panthea* always attended *Leucippe* to Bed, nor could ſhe ſtill her Anxious Thoughts for the Honour of her Daughter, before ſhe ſaw her a ſleep, ſhe then locked the Doors her ſelf, and laid the Keys under her own Pillow. This was a Difficulty too arduous for me to ſurmount, ſo I applied my ſelf

to the Invention of the trusty *Satyrus* for a Trick.

There had I believe been an Intimacy of Intrigue between *Satyrus* and *Clio*, Woman to *Leucippe*, and her Mother. He prevailed upon her to engage Secrecy in the Affair, and to let him see the Keys of *Leucippe*'s Apartment. When he had done this, he carries them to a Workman, and ordered him to make him others like them. He then delivers the Keys back to *Clio*, and receives the Patterns of them from the Workman. Now he thought all ripe for Execution except that one *Conops*, a sly undermining Rascal in the Family, made it his Business to observe our Motions, and to dispatch him, he invites him to a Collation which *Conops* willingly accepted of, and when he had charged pretty Home with Brimmers, he gives him a sleepy Potion which was sure to secure him till Morning.

I then

I then took the Keys from *Satyrus*, ordered him to give notice if he heard any noiſe, and entered the Chamber. The Paſſions of Joy and Fear had Alternate Rule over my Spirits. My Mind was perplexed with the fear of ſome Approaching Danger, and enlarged with the Hopes of Succeſs. Her Mother as ill Stars would have it, Dreamed that a Ruffian had entered the Chamber of *Leucippe*, dragged her out of Bed, and ript up her Bowels with a Sword. In this Horrour ſhe ſtarts out of her Bed and runs into *Leucippe*, *Satyrus* was trembling at the Door, and I conveyed my ſelf out of the Chamber as ſecretly as poſſible, and ſtanding at ſome Diſtance, heard the old Woman in the following Exclamation: Laſcivious Girl, thou haſt now Defeated all my Hopes, thy Father knows not of thy Shame, but bravely Defends his

his Country from the Common Enemy, while ſome Villain has defloured his Daughter; would to Heavens thou hadſt been ſtill at *Byzantium*, that the Fortune of War had ſubjected thee to this Shame, that ſome *Thracian* Conqueror had Raviſhed thy Charms, his Violence had extenuated thy Guilt, but now all the Shame and Infamy is upon thy ſelf. Too true was my Dream, better the Sword of the Ruffian had been Sheathed in thy Bowels than this Conqueſt been Committed upon thine Honour: *Leucippe* trembling, Replied, 'tis you my unnatural Mother, who taint my Honour by attacking it with undeſerved Reproach. The Perſon who ſo rudely invaded my Apartment might be a Heroe for ought I know; I lay Aſtoniſhed and Diveſted of the Power of Crying out for Aſſiſtance, but Fear had not ſuch an Aſcendant over me

as

as to diſable me to ſecure my Innocency, a Prize more Dear to me than Life. With this Satisfaction *Panthia* retired into her Chamber and left the Diſtreſſed *Leucippe* to lament the Loſs of an Happineſs ſhe had ſo long Deſired. How to extricate my ſelf from this Calumny I knew not. I went to *Clinias* to adviſe me in this Difficulty. He propoſed that the whole Intrigue would come to Light, and that then 'twould be impoſſible for me or *Leucippe* ever to be Happy; that there were Ships in the Harbour bound for *Alexandria*, and the only way would be for us to Embark, *Clio* was in the Greateſt Danger (Poor Girl) for ſhe would be ſure to bear the Vengeance of the Incenſed Mother alone, ſhould we leave her behind us; and to take her with us would be Inconvenient

nient, ſo clapt ſome Pieces of Gold into her Hand, and ſent her on Board a Ship which ſtruck Sail that Night, telling her ſhe might be ſure we would follow her with all Expedition. All the Difficulty was to convey the Dear *Leucippe* to us. This Province I committed to *Satyrus*, who finds the old *Panthia* ſleeping, and *Leucippe* in Tears for the Loſs of her *Clitophon* ſhe was in Tranſport when *Satyrus* told her he would carry her to Me. To *Clitophon* (ſhe Replied) whereever he be. Accordingly ſhe came to us and brought her Jewels, and what other Things of Value ſhe had with her, and ſo ſhe, I, *Clinias* and *Satyrus* went on Board a Ship which was bound for *Alexandria* the next Morning.

We had not been long on Board before an *Egyptian*, a Gentleman

Gentleman of Great Civility, invited our Company to a Collation, accordingly we joined our Proviſion, and when we had asked our Names of each other, we diverted the greateſt Part of the Night with Delightful and Amuſing Stories, too tedious to be inſerted.

THE

THE

AMOURS

OF

Clitophon and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. III.

ARGUMENT.

Their Veſſel is Shipwrack'd. Clitophon *and* Leucippe *Sail upon a Plank.* Satyrus *and* Clinias *are ſeparated from them. The former are driven upon the Coaſt of* Peleuſium. *There they*

they take Shipping for Alexandria. *They fall into the Hands of* Thieves. Clitophon *Deſerts from them to the Enemy. They Sacrifice* Leucippe (*as they think*) *tho' ſhe's preſerved by the Cunning of* Menelaus *and* Satyrus, *who Arrived there from the Shipwracks. They bring* Leucippe *to* Clitophon, *who is much reſpected by* Charmides, *General of the Army.*

E had very good Weather at Sea, till the Third Day. It grew dark ſuddenly, the Wind aroſe and blew with Violence, the Waves roſe and daſhed againſt the Veſſel, the Confuſion of the Mariners made us all Deſpair of ſafety, their Imprecations and Curſes made us believe we were in the Regions of the Accurſed, than the Realms of *Neptune*.

In

In ſhort all Hopes of ſafety were loſt, ſo we ſubmitted our ſelves to the Diſpoſal of Fortune; the Pilot commanded the Long-boat to be Launched, and with thoſe whom he choſe went into it, ſo were we left deſolate of help, and ſurrounded with Danger; at laſt the Wind bore very hard and drove the Ship upon a Rock, which ſplit her in Pieces, *Menelaus* and *Satyrus* beſtrid the Main-Maſt, *Clinias* rode upon the Sail-yard: The Diſtreſſed *Leucippe* and my ſelf got upon a Plank of the Stern which wafted us to *Peleuſium*, when we Landed we Praiſed Heaven for our Miraculous Deliverance, and bemoaned the Fate of our Companions, whom we thought Devoured by the Fury of the Deep.

When we came to *Peleuſium* we ſpent ſome Days in obſerving the Curioſities of the Place. Nothing gave us greater Delight than two Paintings

Paintings of *Evanthus*'s Drawing, the one Repreſented the Diſtreſs and Deliverance of *Andromeda*, the other that of *Prometheas*, each had his Executioner prepared, and each a *Grecian* Champion to Deliver them, both of them ſat upon a Rock, that which ſupported *Andromeda* was hollowed juſt enough to contain her; the Work was ſo exact that it ſeemed to be the Production of Nature not of Art.

The Beauty of the Virgin exacted your Admiration whilſt her Chains, and the Whale gaping to Devour her, drew your Compaſſion, her Air diſcovered the modeſt fear ſhe was under of her Sufferings. Her Veſt was white as Snow, wrought of the Feathers which the *Indians* gather from the Trees. Before her appeared the Whale, threatning immediate Death when *Perſeus* was Diſcovered Flying from Heaven with a Scarf over his

Shoulders,

Shoulders, and Wings upon his Feet, in his left Hand was the *Gorgon's* Head in all its Terrors, in his right, he held a Spear which was directed againſt the Mouth of the Voracious Fiend.

Prometheus was bound with Irons to a Rock, *Hercules* ſtood by him with a Bow and Arrow in his Hand, an Eagle fed upon the Liver of *Prometheus*; her Food grew up as faſt as ſhe devoured it. She ſtood upon his Thigh, which by his Contracting it for Pain gave ſtronger hold to her Tenacious Talons; the Picture very naturally expreſſed the Violence of his Torment and the Agonies which oppreſſed him.

In this Diſtreſs *Hercules* drew his Bow, the Arrow was no ſooner brought back to the Head than you could perceive it Diſcharged into the Heart of the Eagle; *Prometheus* Diſtracted between Hope and Fear, caſt his Eyes upon his Deli-

Deliverer, on whom they would for ever have dwelt, had not the Violence of his Anguiſh withdrawn them to behold a more Diſpleaſing Object.

When we had ſtaid here ſome time to refreſh our ſelves, we hired a Veſſel to Tranſport us to *Alexandria*. In the Voyage, we rode up to an Harbour to take in freſh Water, when we were alarmed with Cries and Shouts that the Shepherds were upon us, they had no time to ſecure themſelves by flight, for the Banks were inſtantly filled with Numbers of *Barbarians*. They ſent about twenty on Board our Ship, who rob'd us of all that was Valuable in it, and left us bound in Cuſtody of ſome they left to take Charge of us. They informed us that we muſt continue here till Morning, and that then we ſhould be carried before their General, who reſided two Days Journey from

from the Shore, when Night drew on our Keepers fell aſleep, but the Thoughts of our Calamity deprived us of the Refreſhment, and gave me opportunity to lament our Condition.

What have we perpetrated againſt Heaven to deſerve theſe Misfortunes to be in the Hands of *Barbarians*, deſtitute of help. What Prayers ſhall I uſe to aſſwage their Fury, ſince whatever I ſay, they can't underſtand; what Mercy can I expect, when my Affliction diſables me to ask it. But why do I thus bemoan my own Fate, when *Leucippe*'s ought to command my Grief, with what Mouth ſhall I complain, with what Eyes ſhall I weep; thou haſt been Tender and Conſtant to the moſt Miſerable Man in the World; and behold the Reward of thy Fidelity? A Dungeon, is thy Bridechamber, the Earth thy Bed, Ropes and Chains

are

are the Bracelets to adorn the Nuptials; we had no Reaſon to thank the Mercy of the Waves, ſince they have preſerved us to a Miſery greater then themſelves could inflict.

Theſe Expoſtulations drew on the day and the firſt Object we could deſcry, was a Black Man riding to the Shore, with the Greateſt Expedition; when he came up to us, he declared that their King had determined if any Virgin was among the Captives, ſhe ſhould be offered a Sacrifice for the Army. *Leucippe* with this News held faſt by her *Clitophon*, who was unable to reſiſt Numbers of the Enemy, ſo they led us away by Violence.

We had been ſcarce two Hours upon our Journey, when we diſcovered a Troop of Soldiers Marching up to us. Our Guards immediately put themſelves in Order to receive an Aſſault, and to ſecure us, diſpoſed of us in the middle of their Body. When

When the firſt Charge was given, the Attack was carried on with great Vigour and Bravery on both ſides. At laſt we perceived our own Party in Great Confuſion and Diſtreſs, and reſolved among our ſelves to break through the Ranks and go over to the Enemy, at firſt they prepared to Fight, but when they ſaw our Chains they apprehended us to be Captives, they received us into their Army, and diſpoſed of us in their Rear, to ſecure us from Danger.

When the Evening came, and the Thieves were diſperſed, the Captain of theſe Soldiers whoſe Name was *Charmides*, ſent for us all to his Quarters, and when we came there, he required each of us to give an Account what he was, and the Reaſon of our falling into the Hands of the Pirats. When he was ſatisfied of theſe Particulars, he commanded us to follow him,

and

and told us we ſhould be furniſhed with Arms in order to attack the Grand Body of the Thieves, as ſoon as ſome of his Recruits arrived. I had before been very much uſed to Ride, and deſired I might have an Horſe. As ſoon as I received it, I gave *Charmides* ſuch Proofs of my Skill, that he invited me to ſup with him that Night.

When we ſat down he deſired me to divert the Buſineſs of War, with a more particular Relation of my Story, which produced ſuch Compaſſion in *Charmides*, that he ordered me an *Ægyptian* ſlave to attend me.

The Buſineſs of the Army, the next Day, was to fill up a Trench which was open between us and the Enemy: while we were upon the Work, we diſcerned an Altar which the Thieves had erected; near it was a Sepulchre. Two of the Thieves led a Virgin bound up

to the Altar, whom I diſcover'd to be *Leucippe*. They poured Oyl upon her Head, and omitted no Ceremony uſual at a Sacrifice. Whilſt an *Ægyptian* Prieſt ſung an Hymn, a Signal was given, all retired from the Altar, but he who was to ſlay the Victim, who when he had tyed her to a Stake, thruſt a Knife into her Breaſt, and opened it down till the Inteſtines appear'd, which they took out and boiled, and then diſtributed to each Man his Share of them.

Our Captain and Soldiers were amazed at the Cruelty of the Fact, I beheld the Ceremony concluded in the moſt pungent Pangs of Grief. They laid her in the Tomb, covered her with Earth, pulled down the Altar, and departed without caſting one look backward.

Our Trench was filled about the Evening, and our Army encamped on the further ſide. *Charmides* perceived

ceived me ſorrowful, and applied all means to ſooth my Paſſion, but all were ineffectual.

Oh wretched *Lucippe!* Thou moſt unfortunate of Women! Thou diedſt in a foreign Country a Sacrifice to the Rage of inhuman Barbarians. Their unhallowed Hands have violated thy Charms, and buried thee in an infamous Sepulchre; Thy Bowels were a Feaſt to the moſt profligate Miſcreants. What Patience can ſupport this load of Sorrow. A ſtrange Banquet *This*; but the Gods will not ſee it unrevenged. When I had ended my Lamentation, I ſet my Sword to my Breaſt; when I ſpied two Men running up to me, whom I thought to have been Thieves; but when they came near, I diſcovered them to be my Friends, *Menelaus* and *Satyrus*, whom I thought loſt in the Tempeſt at Sea. This unexpected ſight did not at all alleviate

my Grief, I could hardly expreſs any Satisfaction for their Arrival: They endeavoured to wreſt the Sword from my Hand, but I conjured them to deſiſt. Envy me not (ſaid I) the Glory of dying for *Leucippe*; detain me not any longer from the only Relief of my Afflictions; ſhould you compel me to live, I can't without *Leucippe*: There is a Sting of Grief which torments me. Let me not be ever wounded and never die. If *Leucippe* (ſaid *Menelaus*) be the Cauſe of your Diſtreſs; Think not of her more, for ſhe lives. He ſtamp'd upon the Tomb with his Foot and commanded her to teſtifie the Truth of what he had ſaid; He then opened the Urn, *Leucippe* came out in the moſt ghaſtly Appearance, diſembowel'd from top to bottom; ſhe inſtantly caſt her ſelf upon me, and both of us ſtood aſtoniſhed at this ſudden return of Joy. When

When I recovered, I desired *Menalaus* to keep me no longer in suspence. Is not this the Hand of *Leucippe* which I press? Are not those the Lips whose touch have so often revived my Soul? What then did I see Yesterday, was it a Dream? And is not this the Living, Divine *Lucippe*? *Menelaus* desired I would retire out of sight, and promised I should see the Wounds of *Leucippe* healed, and that he would restore her to me in all her Charms. It was long before he could prevail upon me, but at last I complyed.

I had not been away above half an Hour when he called me again: I beheld *Leucippe* entire and souud: There was now no appearance of her being Disemboweled, she looked as beautiful as ever. I conjur'd *Menelaus* to unravel the Mystery, for I thought my self deceived by the delusions of Magic.

'The Tempeſt (ſaid *Menelaus*) caſt us upon the Coaſt of *Ægypt*, where we were taken by the Pyrats of this City. Some of them knew me, and led me to their Captain, who commanded me to be releaſed from Irons, and to aſſiſt them in the Conduct of their War. When I found my ſelf ſo well received, I deſired that *Satyrus* might have his Freedom; the General replied, he could not grant my requeſt before I gave ſome evident Proof of my Valour in the Service. They conſulted the Oracle about the event of the War; It pronounced that a Virgin ſhould be ſacrificed for an Atonement for their City, that part of her Liver ſhould be eaten, and her Body interred in a Sepulchre. How we diſſipated our Fears for *Leucippe*, *Satyrus* will inform you.

Satyrus aſſumed the Relation, and ſaid; I was in the greateſt Diſtreſs in the World when I underſtood

ſtood the Deſtiny of *Leucippe*. I applied to *Menelaus* and begged of him to think of ſome Means for her Deliverance. He ſeemed entirely willing to ſerve her, but could not conceive any Means which could preſerve her from Death. In this Perplexity we walked along the Shore, when we ſpied a Veſſel riding at no great Diſtance, another Ship boarded her, and brought her to Shoar. The Pirates deſired *Menelaus*, for they obſerved how much he was reſpected by their Captain, to examin the Cargo of the Ship, and take what he pleaſed of it to himſelf. Accordingly when he was looking over the Goods, he found a Trunk very ſtrongly cloſed, which he thought contained a great Treaſure, but when he opened it; contrary to his expectation, he ſees nothing but a ſhort Cloak and a Knife, with a very long Haft, and a Blade not

above three Fingers in length; He was curious to know the Meaning of it, and drawing at the Blade, it came out very far, but when he fixed it againſt any thing hard, it ſhrunk into its Sheath: I deſired him to take care of the Inſtrument, and when we were alone, told him, it would effectually preſerve *Leucippe*. We bound up the Entrails of a Lamb, in a fine piece of Cloth, and deſir'd her to place it under her Veſt, that the Knife might penetrate that, and leave the Womb of *Leucippe* untouched.

Fortune was ſtill propitious, for when we had provided thus far, the General ſends for *Menelaus*, and deſired him to perform the Office of Prieſt in the Sacrifice, which he accepted. When the Day came, *Leucippe* was brought Cloathed in a Veſt which reached to the Ground, She was laid upon the Altar, *Menelaus* opened the Entrails of the Lamb

Lamb, and when he had delivered the Liver to be eaten, he interred *Leucippe* in a Tomb. Thus was the Deſign accompliſhed without the leaſt ſuſpicion of Fraud.

When *Satyrus* ended, I was in the moſt intricate perplexity to know how to reward *Menelaus* for his Care and Fidelity: All that was in my Power I did, I embraced and adored him. When I ſaw my ſelf ſecure in the Poſſeſſion of the Deareſt *Leucippe*, we went to the Camp; I introduced *Menelaus* to *Charmides*, who received him with great ſatisfaction: He enquired of *Menelaus* the number of the Thieves, he replied, their main Body was in the next Village, and that he thought it might amount to Ten Thouſand Men. *Charmides* was not at all diſmayed, but anſwered, I ſhould not doubt of a Victory with Five thouſand of my Soldiers, tho' I expect Two thouſand more from

the Iſle of *Delta* in a few Days.

Whilſt he was going on in this Diſcourſe with *Menelaus*, there came an Expreſs from *Delta* with Advice that the ſetting out of his Recruits was deferred Five Days, by reaſon of ſome ill Omens they obſerved when they began the March.

THE

THE

AMOURS

OF

Clitophon and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Carmides *is extremely Courteous to* Clitophon. *He desires* Menelaus's *Interest to procure* Leucippe *to his Embraces. She drinks a Poysonous Portion. She's Lunatick eleven Days. She recovers*

vers by the Application of an Antidote which one Chæseas *procures.* Carmides *is kill'd by a Stratagem of the Enemy; who are entirely defeated by a Fresh Reinforcement of Soldiers.* Clitophon, *with his Friends, among whon he receives* Chæreas, *set out for* Alexandria.

CHARMIDES when he was informed of the Strength of the Enemy, and the Delay of the arrival of his Troop! resolved to return to the Village from whence he came, and there to expect their coming. When *Leucippe* and I came there, we found a more convenient Lodging provided for us than the General himself. When I entered her Chamber I embraced her, hoping now to be possessed of the Prize I had undergone so much to obtain. How many Calamities have we been Involved in, we have been Ship-

Shipwracked, fallen into the Mercileſs Hands of Pirats, who would have ſacrificed you to their Fury. Let's therefore while we have Opportunity, enjoy it, leſt ſome Misfortune ſhould again Separate us, and oblige us to ſuffer for neglecting an Occaſion which was in our Hands. *Leucippe* anſwered, 'Tis in Vain for you to Wiſh for what you ſo eagerly Deſire. Whilſt I was condoling my Diſtreſs, the Goddeſs *Diana* appeared to me in a Dream and ſpoke in theſe Words; *Weep not* Leucippe, *For thou ſhalt not Die, I will protect thee as long as thou preſerveſt Thine Honour, And as a Reward for thy Vertue, I'll promote* Clitophon *to thy Embraces as ſoon as it will conſiſt with your Mutual Happineſs.* This promiſe of ſafety revived my Spirits, and recalled to my Memory what I Thought upon the Night before. I ſaw the Temple of *Venus*, and

when

when I would have entred it to pay my Devotion. to the Shrine, the Doors were closed against me, which gave me a great deal of Uneasiness. Immediately appeared to me a Woman who resembled the Shrine, and told me, it was not as yet lawful for me to come into the Temple, but that if I would wait the Pleasure of the Goddess, it would not be long before I should not only have Access, but be admitted Priestess to the Deity. These Answers inclined me to withdraw my Addresses, and subject their Importunity to the Determination of Fate.

Not long after, some Sea Monsters and other Curiosities were presented to *Charmides*, who invited us to a sight of them. I observed some Emotions in him, which declared how much he was affected with the Charms of *Leucippe*. His Eyes were always intent upon her, and to prolong their Happiness, he enter-

entertained us a conſiderable time, with an account of the Nature and Production of thoſe Beaſts. We had no ſooner retired from the Place they were in, but he called back *Menelaus*, and told him that he was ſufficiently convinced of his Fidelity, by the Proofs he gave of it to me. He deſired a place in his Friendſhip, and declared he ſhould endeavour to deſerve it. He added, there was but one Favour he deſired: The Charms of *Leucippe* have overcome me, procure her to my Embraces, you ſhall receive fifty Pieces of Gold for your Reward; and *Leucippe* ſhall ask nothing which I wont grant her. *Menelaus* replied, whatever Inſtances of Friendſhip I expreſs, I can't ſuffer them to be corrupted by Preſents; you may depend, my Endeavours ſhall be as Diligent without Bribery, as another's would be for the Treaſures of the Univerſe.

The

The next time *Menelaus* ſaw me, he diſcovered all that had paſſed between himſelf and *Charmides*. I was in the Greateſt Perplexity when I heard it, and reſolved upon the laſt Extremity before I would give the leaſt Compliance to the Propoſal. To give a Poſitive Denial of what he could procure by Violence would enrage his Paſſion. To eſcape by Flight was to expoſe our ſelves to the Rage of a Multitude of Thieves who ſurrounded us. The only Way which gave the leaſt Hope was, to delude his Expectation till Fortune ſhould diſcover ſome Means for our Reſcue. This Courſe *Menelaus* approved of, and went confidently to *Charmides*, told him the Affair was diſpatched, that the Damſel was a little obſtinate to his Suit at the firſt, but ſoon complyed when he told her what Rewards ſhe might expect. One thing he muſt grant before his Deſires

ſires could be accompliſhed, ſhe intreated he would ſuſpend them till her Arrival at *Alexandria*, becauſe the Village they now reſided in was ſo ſmall that her Reproach would be immediately ſpread abroad. *Charmides* was over-joyed when he heard that ſhe complyed, but the Delay of his Hopes gave him a great Uneaſineſs. *Menelaus* when he obſerved that, replied; to heal your diſquiet, I tell you directly that ſhe is indiſpos'd. Let me then (ſaid *Charmides*) enjoy her Converſation, let me touch her tender Lips, let me hear the raviſhing ſound of her Voice; Perhaps thoſe modeſt Condeſcenſions may allay the anguiſh of my Soul.

Menelaus, when he returned, repeated the Propoſal of *Charmides*. I was extreamly enraged when I heard it, and reſolved that it ſhould never be accepted. I have my ſelf obtained no more than thoſe modeſt Condeſcentions

he

he deſires. *Leucippe*'s Honour is untouched from her *Clitophon*. And for a Stranger to taſt of her Lips, will be a Reproach which I ſhall never ſubmit to.

Whilſt I thus reſented the Offers of *Charmides*, a Servant brought us word that *Leucippe* fell down as ſhe walked, and bruiſed one of her Eyes. We made all the Expedition we could to her Relief, and found her upon the Ground, when I came near, ſhe lifted up her Eye over-run with Blood, and when *Menelaus* offered to raiſe her, ſhe reſiſted him as long as ſhe could.

We then perceived ſhe was deſtracted, and *Charmides* when he heard of the Misfortune, ſent Servants with Cords to bind her. This was a Spectacle I could not bear: Take away your Cords (I ſaid) leave her to me, my Embraces ſhall be her Bonds. Let her Rage exert it ſelf upon me, ſince my Life's

Life's uneaſy, when the dear *Leucippe* doth not know me. Did Fortune deliver thee from the Hands of Thieves to deprive thee of thy Senſes? Did ſhe reſcue thee from ſo many Dangers to preſerve thee to the laſt Misfortune of being Inſenſible of thy Diſtreſs?

While I was taken up with theſe Recriminations, *Menelaus* came to me, and aſſured me, that ſuch Diſeaſes were not of an obſtinate Continuance, but ſuch as tender Years were commonly expoſed to, that the redundance of Blood evaporates into the Brain, and produces theſe Diſtempers which were eaſily diſſipated by the Application of Medicine.

Menelaus, upon this, deſired *Charmides* to ſend the Phyſician of his Army to her. He was glad of this Opportunity to expreſs his readineſs to ſerve *Leucippe*. When the Phyſician came, he ſaid, it was neceſſary that ſhe ſhould ſleep, and

gave

gave us an Ointment for her Temples, and told us, he would apply ſome other Phyſic, when the Ointment had had its Operation.

Whilſt *Leucippe* lay in this oppreſſion of Fortune, *Charmides* received Letters from the Governor of *Ægypt*, with Inſtructions to prepare his Forces with all Expedition to attack the Shepherds. Accordingly, on the Morrow, they were all drawn up in order of Battle within ſight of the Enemy.

When the Shepherds ſaw this, they found they could not delay their Ruin, by force of Arms, had therefore recourſe to this Stratagem. All their Old Men they cloathed in the Habit of miſerable Petitioners, and placed them to march before the beſt of their Troops, who followed them in Arms. When they had thus diſpoſed themſelves, they addreſſed *Charmides*, that, for the ſake of their Age,

Age, he would take compaſſion upon the City, that upon this Condition, he ſhould receive an hundred Talents, and as many Hoſtages for their Fidelity as he pleaſed to ſend to the Governor of *Ægypt*. *Charmides* rejected the Terms with diſdain; but was at laſt prevailed upon to a Compliance by their importunity. Let us not die as Criminals without the City; bring us into our ancient Seats. Let the Place which gave us Birth afford us a Tomb; we ſhall then with Satisfaction reſign our Lives.

Charmides, upon this, ordered the greateſt part of the Forces he had with him to retire to the Grand Army, and led on with the reſt to guard the Old Men into the City. As ſoon as he was within ſight of the Gates, they opened them to receive their Friends, and cut down ſome Dams behind the Enemy, who were preſently overwhelmed by the

Violence of the Waves. Thus did Fortune eaſe me of the Anxiety I was under, to ſecure my *Leucippe* from the Embraces of *Charmides*.

Leucippe's indiſpoſition had now been upon her eleven Days. All the Applications of Medicine were ineffectual to abate its Fury. While I ſat by her, as ſhe ſlept, I heard her ſigh out: Ah! *Gorgias*, Thou art the cauſe of my Miſery. Upon this, I made a very ſtrict Enquiry after one of that Name, but could no where hear of him. As I walked in the Street; a Gentleman came up to me, and ſaid, Sir, the occaſion of my interrupting you is, the recovery of your Lady. One *Gorgias* an *Ægyptian* Soldier (who has, ſince, for his Villany, periſhed in the Battle) prepared a Potion to faſcinate her Love, and ſuborned your Slave to adminiſter it. This Information I have from *Gorgias*'s Servant, who affirms he can compoſe a Me-

a Medicine which will effectually expel the Poiſon, I deſired the Favour to ſee that Servant. When I came home, I called for my Slave, and when I had extorted a Confeſſion of his Villany with rods, I caſt him into Priſon.

By this *Chæreas* (for that was the Name of this Gentleman) returned with *Gorgias*'s Servant. He told me he did not at all deſpair of a Cure, if I could prevail upon *Lucippe* to receive the Medicine. I then deſired him to ſend for the Ingredients, and to mix them in my Preſence, for fear of Treachery. He told me, that he would himſelf take the ſame Quantity which he gave her, to convince me that he had no ill Deſign. He then compoſed the Medicine, and when he had taken a Doſe he ſlept, and after ſome Time, awaked without receiving the leaſt Hurt.

This

This Experiment encouraged me to conceive great Hopes of the Recovery of *Leucippe*. I agreed with the Servant for the Reward of the Cure. When ſhe had taken the Medicine ſhe fell into a ſleep which continued till Morning, when it left her, ſhe called me by my Name; With that I ſtarted from my ſeat, and when I came to Her, asked Her how ſhe did. But ſhe being Ignorant of what had happened was amazed to find her ſelf Bound. I then perceived that ſhe was recovered, releaſed the Cords, and relates the Occaſion and Manner of her being diſtracted. When ſhe heard it, ſhe bluſhed, I embraced and kiſſed Her a Thauſond Times, and then diſcharged the expence of her Illneſs and Recovery.

The Shepherds who had ſurprized *Charmides* by Stratagem, were now entirely defeated by a freſh ſupply of Men, detached from the

the middle of the Country. So that we were now freed from the Fear of Robbers, and thought we might once more ſet out for *Alexandria* without Danger. *Chereas* for his Service, I admitted into my Friendſhip, and deſired his Company in the Voyage, which he very willingly offered; ſo we hired a Veſſel and ſtruck Sail that Day.

The Noiſe of the Mariners, the Singing of the Paſſengers, the Pleaſantneſs of the River, and Smoothneſs of the Stream, conſpir'd to make our Voyage Delightful. But nothing gave me more Diverſion than the Sight of a Crocodile. It's Shape reſembles both a Fiſh and fourfooted Beaſt; his Body is long and narrow, his Skin rough with Scales, his Breaſt white, his Legs crooked like thoſe of a Tortoiſe, his Tail is ſet with a row of Teeth, with which he drives his Prey to his Jaws, his Neck is immediately

joyned to his Shoulders, that you can perceive no ſpace between them, his look is extremely dreadful, eſpecially when he opens his Jaws, the upper of which, alone, he moves, when he feeds, a Property to no Creature beſides: His Teeth are like thoſe of a Comb, and many in Number; his Nature is *Amphibious* and accommodated to Land as well as Water.

THE

THE

AMOURS

OF

Clitophon and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. V.

ARGUMENT.

They arrive at Alexandria. Chereas *invites them to an Entertainment, and carries away* Leucippe *on Shipboard.* Clitophon *purſues them, and ſees a Woman bound to the Maſt; Her Head*

cut off; and her Body thrown into the Sea. He ſuppoſes it to be Leucippe, *and takes it up and inters it. He meets with* Clinias. Melite, *a Rich Lady of* Epheſus *is in love with him; He prevails with her to defer the Satisfaction of her Deſires till they arrive at* Epheſus. Leucippe *is Sold to* Melite *for a Slave. She diſcovers her ſelf to* Clitophon. Therſander, Melite's *Husband, whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be dead, returns, and confines* Clitophon *to a Priſon.*

WHEN we arrived at *Alexandria*, the Structure and Beauty of the City convinced, to my Eyes, what I had long before heard of it. Every thing was ſo regular and well deſigned, that it loudly proclaim'd the Wiſdom of its Founder. We lodged in an Houſe which *Menelaus*

us had provided us. It was extreamly well appointed with Furniture and every thing neceſſary for the Accommodation of Perſons of the higheſt Condition. 'Twas here that I perceived that the Kindneſs of *Chereas* to *Leucippe*, in her Recovery, was occaſioned by his Affection to her Charms, and this introduced a Suſpicion into my Mind, that Fortune had ſtill ſome Diſtreſſes in reſerve for us to overcome.

Not long after he told us that the Morrow was his Birth Day, and that he deſigned to celebrate it in the *Pharus* or Watch Tower of *Ægypt*, and invited us to partake of the Entertainment. But as ſoon as we came out of our Houſe, an Hawk as ſhe purſued a Swallow, ſtruck *Leucippe* upon her Face. While we were conſidering the Portent of this Omen, we looked into a Painters Shop where we beheld the Tragedy of *Philomela*, *Tereus*,

Procne, and her Son, expreſſed to the Life. This Complication of ill Omens diſſuaded us from complying with *Chereas*'s Requeſt that Day, and to return to our Lodging. However, *Chereas*'s Importunity was not abated, ſo he prevailed with me to promiſe our Attendance on the Morrow.

Leucippe was all this while Ignorant why the Paintings ſhould occaſion our Delay, and deſired me to give her ſome account of the Reaſon of it, which ſhe ſaid would attone for the Diſappointment of the Diverſion ſhe promiſed her ſelf at *Chereas*'s Entertainment. This requeſt, I could not but comply with, in explaining the Alluſion in the following manner.

The Birds you ſaw (my Deareſt) were once in Human Shape, and repreſent the Siſters *Procne* and *Philomela*, born in *Athens*. The firſt of them was transformed into a Swallow,

Swallow, the other into a Nightingal. The Lapwing you ſaw repreſents one *Tereus*, a *Thracian*, Husband to *Procne*, who could not confine his diſſolute Affection to the Embraces of the lovely *Procne*, who occaſioned an Injury to her ſelf, by her Kindneſs to her Siſter. She had not ſeen her for a conſiderable Time, and deſired her Husband to take a Journey to enquire of her Health. But he returned the Man who had undone her. He violently invaded her Honour, and to conceal the Fact from his Wife, cut out her Tongue, that ſhe might never be able to diſcloſe it, and then departed to the Embraces of his Wife. But his Attempt was in vain, for the diſtreſſed *Philomela* deviſed a Means to inform her Siſter *Procne* of her Reproach, ſhe wrought the Hiſtory of it in Needle Work, and had it conveyed to

Procne, who ſoon underſtood the Diſhonour ſhe had received.

Her Thoughts were now Intent upon Revenge, and ſhe thought upon one more deteſtable than the Injury done to *Philomela*. She ſtifled the moſt obſtinate Suggeſtions of Nature for the Affection of her own Child, ſhe murdered him, and dreſſed him for part of an Entertainment, to which ſhe invited her Husband. When he fed upon the execrable Diſh, *Procne* brought in the Head, and told him, it belonged to the Limbs he had juſt now devoured. This enraged him ſo far, that he purſued the Siſters who had prepared the Banquet, but they in their flight were transformed into Birds, and he ſuffered the ſame Metamorphoſis in his Purſuit. The Memory of the Fact ſtill ſurvives, for to this Day, the *Lapwing* purſues the *Nightingale*.

On the Morrow, *Chereas* came to demand the Performance of my Promiſe, and ſaid, a Boat expects us, to carry us over to the *Pharus*. When we arrived there, he ſhewed us the Tower which was incredibly built. There was a Mountain congeſted in the Sea which reached the Clouds, on its Summit was a Tower which was always illuminated for the Direction of the Ships. While we were feeding our Curioſity upon theſe wonderful Structures, *Chereas* feigned an excuſe to withdraw. He was ſcarce out of our Sight when we heard a great Tumult at the Door, which ceaſed when a Number of Ruffians in Arms ſet upon *Leucippe*, and (againſt all the Oppoſition I could make, which coſt me a dangerous Wound in my Thigh) conveyed her on board a Veſſel which immediately ſet Sail. I had formerly ſome knowledge of the Governour

of the Iſland, under whom I had ſerved in the Wars. I addreſſed my ſelf to him, ſhewed him my Wound, which he ordered a Surgeon to dreſs, and deſired a Pinnace well manned to purſue them. We made all the Sale we could to get ſight of them, and when they perceived us, they bound a Virgin to the Maſt, and hollowed through a Trumpet, *This is our Prize.* When we heard this, we preſently diſcerned that they cut off her Head, and hurl'd her Body over-board. I concluded that it was *Leucippe*, and had not ſome of our Crew reſtrained me, had caſt my ſelf into the Sea. However, I deſired our Commander to diſpatch the Long-Boat to take up the Body, and aſſoon as it was brought into our Veſſel, I told him 'twas in vain to Purſue, ſince we had now recovered her Dead, whom we ſought for Alive.

When

When we came to Shore, I embraced the Body, and Kiſſed it, and took Care to have it interred. All this time I was almoſt diſtracted with the anguiſh of my Wound, and tho' I took all poſſible Care to have a Cure, it was nine Months before it was compleated.

Some Days after, as I walked in the Market-place, *Clinias* came up to me; I was extremely glad to ſee the deareſt Friend I had next to *Leucippe*; and when we had embraced and ſaluted each other, I deſired him to relate how he was preſerved in the Shipwrack, and what good Fortune had, once more, made me happy in the Sight of him. Before he had concluded the Story, *Menelaus* and *Satyrus* came up to me, and when they had welcomed *Clinias* to *Alexandria*: They told me that the Patroneſs of Beauty had now put it into my Power to be happy. That a rich Lady of *Ephe-*

ſus was in Love with me, that her Charms were ſo raviſhing, that it would be madneſs in me to ſlight the Offer. She has loſt her Husband at Sea, and deſires you not to ſucceed in his Title, but the Office of a Gallant. All her Eſtate and Fortune ſhe reſigns to your Diſpoſal, if you'll conſent to her Deſires, and ſure you muſt comply with them, ſince you can't now expect that *Leucippe* ſhould revive.

Clinias continued, I think my ſelf obliged to advance the Propoſal of *Satyrus*, ſince Beauty, Riches, and Love ſubmit to your Command, you'll not only poſſeſs your ſelf of the moſt delightful Enjoyments, but promote your Credit and relieve your Neceſſities.

I anſwered, it is not at preſent in my Power to comply, I have engaged my ſelf in a Vow to prolong all the Thoughts of amorous Bliſs till my Arrival at *Epheſus*, far from

from the Coaſt where I loſt the Divine *Leucippe*. *Satyrus* returned with this News to *Melite*, which gave her an extacy of Joy, ſhe deſired he would invite me to Sup with her that Night. When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ran up to me, and preſſed me with a thouſand Kiſſes and Embraces, Freedoms I was infinitely delighted with from a Lady of the Charms of *Melite*. Soon after we were called to Supper. She had provided a moſt magnificent Entertainment, and when I ask'd her why ſhe would not taſt of it, ſhe replied, Ah! *Clitophon*, To behold your lovely Face vanquiſhes my Appetite, and pleaſes your *Melite* more than the moſt exquiſite Delicacies in the Univerſe: ſhe would willingly have detained me that Night, tho' I acquainted her with my Reſolution, and would not part with me till I promiſed that I would devote my ſelf to her

Charms

Charms in the Preſence and Temple of the Goddeſs *Iſis*, on the Morrow, if ſhe would relax her Importunity till our Arrival at *Epheſus*.

On the Morrow, when we had performed this Ceremony, ſhe gave us a Dinner, and becauſe the Wind ſtood fair, we, that Day, went on Board a Veſſel bound to *Epheſus*.

Menelaus came with me to the Sea-ſide, and told me, he thought it the greateſt Misfortune that his Occaſions required his Attendance at *Alexandria*, and that aſſoon as they releaſed him, he would, if poſſible, follow us. *Clinias* reſolved not to part with his Friend, and accordingly, came on Board with us.

For the Firſt Night, Conveniencies in the Ship could not be prepared, but that was no ſtay to the Deſires of the enflamed *Melite*. She importuned me to confirm the

Vows

Vows I had made in the Temple of *Iſis*. We are now (ſhe ſaid) out of the Reach of *Leucippe*, what need have we to defer our Happineſs till our arrival at *Epheſus*. You know the Uncertainty of Life at Sea, and that we are in danger of periſhing before we ſee Land. I wiſh your Flame were equal with mine, no Conſiderations would allay its Heat. We are now in the Native Realms of *Venus*, where can we ſo properly do her Sacrifice as here: Here we have the Goddeſs *Amphitrite*, and the whole Choir of the *Nereides* to dance at our Nuptials, while the gentle Winds ſing our *Epithalamium*.

I replied, Let us not, my Deareſt, diſturb the Manes of the deceaſed, we are not yet paſt the Place where the miſerable *Leucippe* was ſlain. The Waves which ſupport us are her ſepulchre, and for ought we know, her Shade hovers about our Ship.

Ship. The Turbulence of the Sea is improper for the Joys of Love, and its Inſtability may portend an Inconſtancy in our Affection.

Theſe Perſwaſions wrought upon the amorous Widow to ſuſpend her Hopes till we came to Land, which was three Days after. She brought me to her Houſe, which, for Grandeur, Elegance of Structure, Magnificence of Furniture and Retinue, ſurpaſſed every Thing which the City of *Epheſus* could afford. When ſhe had given Orders to her Servants for an Entertainment, ſhe led me to walk in her Garden. I could not but admire the beautiful Diſpoſition of every Thing in it, and had not long entertained my Eyes with the raviſhing Objects around them, before a Damſel in the moſt miſerable Apparel, preſented her ſelf before the Feet of *Melite*, and deſired ſhe would compaſſionate the Diſtreſs of an Unfortunate Maid, whom

whom ill-fortune had reduced from the ſtate of Freedom, to that of a Slave *Melite* enquired the Name of her Country, ſhe replied, My Country is *Thrace*, my own *Lacæna*. *Melite* then asked what unkindneſs of Fate had ſubjected her to the Calamities ſhe was oppreſſed with; She anſwered, Of all the Difficulties I have overcome, None gave me a more ſenſible Affliction than Luſt of your Steward, which exerciſed its Cruelty upon me, becauſe I would not comply with his diſhonourable Deſires. *Melite* when ſhe heard this, ordered her Servants to take care that ſhe wanted no Neceſſaries, and when ſhe had rallyed *Soſthenes* for his Villany to the Virgin, ſhe diſcharged him from her Service. Not long after this a Servant called us to Supper. We had not long ſat down before *Satyrus* gave a Nod to me; I perceived he wanted to ſpeak with me in Pri-

vate,

vate, I made an excuſe to retire from the Table, and received a Letter from him, which I was ſoon ſatisfied was written by the Divine *Leucippe*.

" She complained that Fortune " had obliged her to alter her Style " to her *Clitophon*, ſince it had " promoted him to be her Maſter. " That ſhe had not deſerved to have " his Affections ſo ſoon withdrawn " from her, nor to be ſo ſoon forgotten, by one ſhe had expoſed " her ſelf to ſo many Dangers for. " However, ſince the Decrees of " Fate were unalterable, ſhe deſi- " red, if my Kindneſs for her were " not quite extinguiſhed, that I " would (for now ſhe knew I " could eaſily perform her Requeſt) " lay down the Moneys which " would be required for her Free- " dom, and give her leave to go to " *Byzantium*, to her Relations, " who ſhould return the Sum back

" to

" to me again; ſhe wiſhed me all " Joy and Happineſs in my preſent " Wife, and bid me eternally Fare- " wel.

This Letter occaſioned the ſtrongeſt Conflict between the moſt tormenting Paſſions, Fear and Hope, in my Mind. I could not believe what I read, nor what I ſaw. Did *Leucippe* (ſaid I to *Satyrus*) ſend this Letter to me: He anſwered, ſhe did, Are you ſure 'twas given you by her own hand. He affirmed, that it was. I was now in as great an Agonie as before. How could ſhe think that her *Clitophon* would be inconſtant, that he would break his Vows of an Eternal Paſſion for her. Bring her to me that I may convince her that I love her, and none beſide. He replied, Such a Proceeding would defeat all Hopes of enjoying your Deſires, ſince now ſhe's a Slave to *Melite*, who dies for you; and would wreak her

Re-

Reſentment upon her Captive for being her Rival to your Eſteem. All intercourſe between you muſt be by Letters which muſt be conveyed with the ſincereſt Secrecy.

I was ſatisfied of *Satyrus*'s Prudence and Fidelity in the Affair, and ordered him to carry her a Letter. I called Heaven to teſtify that her Accuſations were unjuſt, that ſhe would ſatisfy her ſelf that the Flame of *Clitophon* for his *Leucippe* burned with as much Luſtre as ever. That I looked upon it as the extremity of the Diſpleaſure of Fortune, that we could not ſee one the other without the Ruin of us both, and that aſſoon as ever I could wiſh the Safety of *Leucippe*, I would give her the ſtrongeſt Conviction of my Innocence and Conſtancy; 'till then, I deſired ſhe would content her ſelf with being all the Thoughts of her *Clitophon*.

When

When I had delivered this Letter to *Satyrus*, I was in the moſt difficult Perplexity, how to preſerve my Innocence, in reſpect of the Vows I had made to *Melite*; for I had reſolved that nothing ſhould prevail upon me to do the leaſt wrong to *Leucippe*. I could conceive nothing more effectual to my Deſign, than feigning an Indiſpoſition. Accordingly, when I came into the Room where ſhe ſat at Supper, I poſſeſſed my ſelf of a Trembling in every Joint, and to defeat the Expectations of *Melite*, at once, told her, a Numbneſs had ſpread it ſelf through every Part of my Body. The Lady immediately conducted me into her Chamber, and when ſhe had very officiouſly taken care of my being in a Place of Repoſe, told me that leſt the Returns of my Illneſs ſhould be more violent in the Night, ſhe'd lay her ſelf by me to adminiſter ſome Medicines ſhe had pre-

prepared to aſſwage their Fury.

This laſt Expreſſion, I thought, preſumed very far upon the Vigour of a Perſon in my Condition. However, I continued my Trembling in deſpight of all the Charms and raviſhing Applications of my Bedfellow. In the height of her Reſentment, for my having defeated her importunate Hopes; In comes *Therſander*, the ſuppoſed deceaſed Husband of the Widow, into the Chamber, when he ſaw us in the languiſhing Poſtures of Enjoyment, he flew into the moſt extravagant Rage, called me an Adulterer, tore me from her Arms, ſtruck and bruiſed me extreamly; at laſt, ordered me to the Cuſtody of his Servants.

THE

THE AMOURS OF *Clitophon* and *Leucippe.*

CHAP. VI.

ARGUMENT.

Therſander *is perplexed how to obtain his Deſires from* Leucippe. *She's obſtinate to his Addreſſes. He abuſes her. He commences a Suit againſt* Clitophon; *and ſpreads a Report that* Leucippe *was*

was killed. Clitophon, *in Deſpair, confeſſes that he murdered her. He is ſentenced to Death. His Execution is deferred by her Appearance in the Temple of* Diana. Soſtratus, *her Father, arrives at* Epheſus, *and procures, by his Intereſt with the chief Men in the City; that the Oracle may determine their* Innocence or Guilt. *They are pronounced Innocent.* Therſander *and* Soſthenes *fly.* Clitophon, Leucippe, *and* Cliniias *take Shipping for* Tyre, *where their Nuptials are celebrated.*

THE Kindneſs of *Melite* purſued me in all my Diſtreſs. Whilſt *Therſander* was abroad, ſhe prevailed upon the Servants to be admitted to ſee me by ſome private Rewards. She brought a Suit of her own Cloaths with her, and ordered me to put them on, and told me *Melantho* (for that was the Name

Name of a Lady who attended her) ſhould conduct me from the Confinement I was under to the Place where *Leucippe* (for *Melite*'s Jealouſy had conveyed her away) reſided.

Melantho conveyed me through all the Avenues of the Houſe with great Security, all the Servants were ſo far impoſed upon by my Diſguiſe as to pay me the ſame Deference with which they reſpected their Miſtreſs. I then received directions from her to go to *Leucippe*, who lived in a Country Seat near *Epheſus*, of *Melites*. I was now in the moſt earneſt Expectation of ſeeing the deſirable *Leucippe*, and taken up with thinking how great Pleaſure I ſhould take in the Enjoyment of the Converſation of her I loved above the Univerſe. But I ſoon perceived that I had not yet ſatisfied the Vengeance; I was in ſight of the long wiſh'd for Manſi-

on, when I met *Softhenes*, who had taken an Opportunity from *Therſander*'s Reſentment to *Melite*, to ingratiate himſelf with his Maſter, when he had been rejected by the Diſpleaſure of his Miſtreſs. They were both returning from an Entertainment in the Country. My Diſguiſe would have deceived the Eyes of *Therſander*, had not *Softhenes*, who was more acquainted with my Perſon diſcover'd me to his Jealous Lord. When I had received a great deal of opprobrious Language and other Indignities, I was committed to the Publick Priſon of the City. Thither did the Favour of my Widow follow me, which ſupplied me with Neceſſaries, and informed me of the Condition of the Diſhonourable *Leucippe*.

Softhenes to revenge the Diſgrace he had received from *Melite*, reſolved to diſſipate all Hopes of Reconciliation with her enraged Husband.

He

He addreſſes himſelf to *Therſander*, and informed him, that he had purchaſed a Slave, the moſt beautiful Creature his Eyes ever beheld; that he deſigned the Treaſure for a welcome to the Return of his Maſter, that ſhe was ſent by *Melite* to their Country Seat, and that if he would conſent, ſhe ſhould be confined to ſome Retirement, where he might have an open acceſs to the Enjoyment of her Charms. *Therſander* was raviſhed with this News, and conjured his Villanous Pander to uſe all poſſible Means to procure her to his Embraces.

On the Morrow he hired a Couple of Ruffians to go with him into the Country to aſſiſt the Execution of his Deſign. When they came, they entred the Room where ſhe was, and violently carried her to a Country Houſe of *Therſander*'s, remote from the Suſpicion or Diſturbance of any Neighbours. When

ſhe arrived there, *Soſthenes* told her that what he had done was for the Advantage of *Leucippe*; that he had provided her a Gallant furniſhed with all the Recommendations of Beauty, Wealth and Riches; and that her removal was only to introduce a Familiarity between her ſelf, and no other than her Maſter *Therſander*. He repreſented to her that the Misfortunes ſhe had ſuffered were a Puniſhment for her Obſtinacy, and that ſhe might ſtill expect more if ſhe provoked them upon her ſelf by a Relentleſs Temper. Whereas, would ſhe comply with his Propoſal, ſhe would be exempted from the Power of Deſtiny, ſince Grandeur, Wealth and Pleaſure, did now conſpire to make her Happy. *Leucippe* replied, that his diſhonourable Applications ſerved only to invigorate her Reſolution, and that the Preſence of ſuch a Villain as he, was more Afflicting and Pungent

gent than her being a Sacrifice to the Rage of Pirates.

Upon this, *Soſthenes* returns to *Therſander*, and inform'd him that he did not doubt but the ill ſtate of her Condition would mollify her to a Conſent; tho' at preſent, ſhe ſeemed very much indiſpoſed to entertain any Addreſſes, this with the Deſcription he had heard of her Perſon, inſpired a Confidence into the hopes of *Therſander*, who immediately takes *Soſthenes* to conduct him to her. When they came near, they were ſurprized to hear a Voice, when they knew there was but a ſingle Perſon; but when they advanced farther, they perceived *Leucippe* lamenting in the following Manner.

My Misfortunes, will never have an End! Ah, *Clitophon*, thou knoweſt not where *Leucippe* is, nor does ſhe know where Fortune has diſpoſed thee. The height of our Miſe-

ry is, that we are inſenſible of each other's Calamities. *Therſander* has certainly apprehended thee in his Houſe, and expoſed thee to ſome publick Diſgrace. I would have enquired of *Soſthenes*, but had I asked him for my Husband, I ſhould have incenſed *Therſander* againſt thee. If for a Stranger, how could I enquire of one I had no relation to. Oh! *Clitophon*, the only Friend to *Leucippe*, her faithful Conſort in all Calamities! Whom Beauty it ſelf could not allure! Whom the Thoughts of *Leucippe* reſtrained from enjoying the moſt raviſhing Charms; ſhould *Therſander* come to me, ſhould I diſcloſe my ſelf, ſhould I tell him that I am a Freeborn Woman, Daughter to the General of the Army of the *Byzantians*, that I am not of *Theſſaly*, that my Name is not *Lacæna*; ſhould I inform him of this, he would give me no Credit, or if he did,

did, my *Clitophon*'s Importunity for my Freedom would be his Ruin: I muſt put on my Diſguiſe and be ſtill the Slave, the miſerable *Lacæna*.

Theſe Expreſſions gave a ſenſible Allay to the Courage of *Therſander*. However, he compoſed his Air as well as he could, and entered the Room where *Leucippe* was, without diſcovering that he had receiv'd the Sentence of Diſappointment.

When ſhe ſaw who approached her, ſhe fixed her Eyes upon the Ground, which received a large Stream of Tears which they diſtilled. *Therſander* was diſmayed at the coldneſs of his Reception; and at firſt ſeem'd inclin'd to compaſſionate her Diſtreſs. He addreſſed her with the moſt winning Sollicitations and Promiſes of whatever Riches could ſupply, or Ambition deſire. He aſſured her that his Deſigns conſiſted with Honour, and that the power of

her Charms would expel and vanquiſh every thing which tended to deface her Reputation. He proteſted, that for her he would for ever diſcard *Melite*, and legitimate his Happineſs in *Lacæna*, in giving her Freedom, and making her his Spouſe. She with a Sigh replied; Sir, if my Charms were any, or if they had any ſuch Effect, they would have ſecured me from the Inſult and violence of that Villain who has now the Impudence to appear before me. I expect no other Uſage from you, and the only way to rid me of the Apprehenſion of the Danger of it, is, for the two moſt odious Men in the Wold to retire from my Sight.

Therſander when he found his Hopes defeated, lays hold of her Hair, draws her from her Seat, and treated her Charms with the higheſt Indignities. At laſt, *Softhenes* deſired him not to defile his Hands

Hands with a proſtitute Slave, but to commit her to the Scourge of the Common Executioner of the City. I beg, Sir, ſaid *Leucippe*, take his Advice, ſear me with Irons, Run me through with Swords, know that all the Tortures you can invent, ſhall not prevail over my Honour, which I am reſolv'd to defend in deſpight of their Rigour. And when your Rage has diſcharged it ſelf upon a weak defenſeleſs Woman, my Chaſtity ſhall Triumph over your too feeble Aſſaults.

When he perceived all the means he could uſe ineffectual, to reduce *Lucippe* to his Pleaſure, he employed his Thoughts to inform him how he ſhould prevent my glorying in my Conqueſt over him in both his Intrigues. And to damp my Joy for the ill Succceſs of his Deſigns upon *Leucippe*, he hired a Raſcal to the Confinement of a Priſon, that he might have an Opportunity to

diſcloſe to me the melancholly News of her being murdered by the Conſent and Treachery of *Melite*: This he look'd upon as a ſecure way to make me for ever forget the one, and hate the other of my Miſtreſſes.

The Keeper of the Priſon (I ſuppoſe) had received ſome of *Therſander*'s Gold, which inſtructed him to prepare his New Tenant a Lodging next to mine. I often heard the perfidious Villain making the greateſt Lamentation; and at laſt, asked him through a Grate which was between our Chambers, what was the Reaſon of his misfortune. He anſwered, very Mournfully, I know nothing I have done to deſerve it, but ſome of my Enemies have cauſed me to be ſuſpected of the Murder of one *Leucippe*, a Slave to *Melite*, a Lady of the greateſt Quality of any in the City.

Theſe unfortunate Tidings reſcued me from diſcovering to him that I was known to the Perſons he mentioned, for I was not able to ſpeak. I thought that her Fate was deſirable, ſince I could now be apprehenſive of no further Miſeries which could befal her; and leſt her Ghoſt ſhould fear any Diſtreſs which ſhould happen to me, I reſolved to follow it by revenging her Death upon the Barbarous Author of it.

On the Morrow, I was brought before the chief Judge of the City; *Therſander*'s Advocates took a great deal of Pains to prove my Familiarity with *Melite*, and when they were ſilent, and I was commanded to anſwer for my ſelf, I confeſſed that my Intrigue with *Melite* was real; and further, that ſhe and I had contrived the Death of her Slave *Leucippe*, whom ſhe thought to have more intereſt in my Affection than her ſelf. This Confeſſion

alarm'd

alarm'd the whole Court, who immediately pronounced Sentence of Death upon me, and reſolved before it was executed, that I ſhould be examined upon the Wrack whether what I ſaid in relation to *Melite* were true. Immediately I was mounted upon an Engine: And when all the People were in expectation of ſeeing my Torture, a Prieſt of *Diana* cauſed it to be deferred, by informing that a Virgin who was a Foreigner had juſt before entred the Temple. Such an Accident as this is always effectual among the *Epheſians* to ſuſpend Execution or Puniſhment till the Sacrifices are ended.

Soſtratus, as I told you before, was Father to *Leucippe*, and General of the *Byzantians*, who had under his Conduct, by the Aſſiſtance of *Diana*, the tutelar Goddeſs of *Epheſus*, vanquiſhed their Enemies. In Gratitude to the Deity,

ity, he came thither to Sacrifice to her in the moſt celebrated Temple, ſacred to her Name; when he ſaw me releaſed from the Engine, he treated me with moſt inſolent Language, and had inflamed the Populace to deſtroy me, had not my Friend *Clinias* who was formerly known to him, reſtrained his Fury till we ſaw the Perſon who had lately put her ſelf under the Protection of the Goddeſs. When we came to the Temple, and enquired after her, we ſaw with the greateſt Pleaſure and Amazement to us all, that it was the Divine *Leucippe*. She ran into the Embraces of her Father, and begged of him to uſe all poſſible Means to extricate us from the Difficulties we were under, and to procure my Liberty. A Prieſt, who was with us, gave his Word for my Appearance till Fortune ſhould reveal the Myſtery which perplexed us; the Kindneſs of this Gentle-

Gentleman prevailed that my Irons ſhould be ſtruck off.

Soſtratus made all poſſible Applications to diſingage us from the ſuit which *Therſander* had promoted to the leading Men of the City. They informed him there was but one way, but that full of Danger. After a ſolemn Sacrifice, the Oracle of *Diana* pronounces the Innocence or Guilt, of Perſons ſuſpected. When he brought this News to us, we were extremely joyful, and tho' his Natural Affection to his Child ſuggeſted ſome Uneaſineſs to him for fear of Sentence againſt her, yet when ſhe declared how willing ſhe was to ſubmit to the Determination of the Goddeſs, he could not refuſe his Conſent that ſhe ſhould. He then asked if I dared to reſign myſelf in Reſpect of *Melite*, I aſſured him I ſhould think it the greateſt Happineſs I could receive to do it. He then prepared a Sacrifice, and deſi-

red

red the Judges and Prieſts to attend the Decree of the Goddeſs. When the Ceremony of the Sacrifice was ended, *Leucippe*, *Melite*, and my ſelf, were placed in white Robes before the Shrine. The Prieſt then implored her Sentence upon the Perſons before it, Her Oracle declared us Innocent. Thus were we acquitted. *Melite* retired with the Acclamations of the People to her Houſe, when ſhe came there, ſhe was informed that her Husband *Therſander*, and Steward *Soſthenes*, had conveyed themſelves away for fear of Diſgrace, and the Rage of the People.

Soſtratus when he had given a Magnificent Entertainment to the Magiſtrates of the City, took Shipping for *Byzantium*, and on the Morrow, he, myſelf, *Leucippe* and *Clinias*, went on Board. Whilſt we were upon the Sea, he entertained us with the Fortunate Iſſue of

of *Caliſthenes*'s Rape of my Siſter *Caligo*, which happened before that I and *Leucippe* departed from *Tyre*, and ended in a Joyful Marriage. When we arrived at *Byzantium*, he detained us three Days to refreſh our ſelves, and then we ſet off to *Tyre*, where we ended our Misfortunes to the Satisfaction of our Friends, in the Celebration of the Nuptials of *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*.

FINIS.